THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1889.

A MODERN PHARAOH.

How the Egyptian Khedive Lives and Rules Over His People.

AN AUDIENCE AT THE PALACE.

In Which Much is Learned of How Things Go on the Nile's Banks.

A MODEL MAN AND HIS MODEL WIFE



and Joseph. It is true that he is in measure the vassal of the Sultan, to whom he pays a tribute of about \$3,750,000 a year and that he has several European advisors who keep sharp watch over the revenues of his kingdom to see that a great part of them go to pay the interest on the debts which his predecessors and his Government have contracted, and which are held by the bankers of Europe. But he is, hevertheless, the King of Egypt, and, as kings go to-day, he has more power than most of the monarchs of Europe. His residence in Cairo is a grand palace with hundreds of rooms filled with magnificent furniture. He drives about the city with soldiers carrying swords, about the city with soldlers carrying swords, riding prancing horses in front of his carriage and with a score of cavalry following behind. His personal expenses are limited to \$500,000 a year, and he has several palaces outside of the one he occupies in Cairo. One of these is the Baseltin palace, which Me Hamet Ali built on the sea shore near allowed in Merchantin Terrandicia methors are Helenan in Terrandicia methors are the search of th Alexandria, another is at Helouan, in Up-per Egypt, and a third is Koubeh, the Khedive's country seat just outside of Cairo, near the site of the old city of the sun, where Plato taught philosophy and Herodotus studied history.

CALLING ON THE KHEDIVE. The Khedive's present residence is the Abden Palace, in the heart of Cairo. And it was here that I met His Highness this morning. The interview had been arranged by the American Consul General, Colonel Cardwell, and the Consul General and myself left the consulate at a little after 10, in the consular carriage. The dragoman of the Legation, a bright-eyed Syrian, in the most gorzeous of Turkish clothes of brown covered with gold embroidery, and with a great sword shaped like a cymeter, clanking at his side, opened the carriage door for us and took his seat by the coachman. The Arabian Jehu cracked his whip and away he went through the narrow streets of Cairo. We drove by the modern European mansions the orange flowers came and over which whispered broad spreading palms. We then went through a business street of Cako, amid droves of donkeys, through a caravan of camels, by veiled women clad in black and looking like balloons upon donkeys, in front of the palace in which I small Pasha had his harem when he was Khedive, and in which I doubt not the present Khedive played as a boy when his father was on the throne, and on into a great square of many ne, and on into a great square of many | may be punished like the latter. on the right of which were vast barracks filled with Arab troops in blue uniforms and fez caps, and in the midst of which a regiment of Egyptian troops were going through a gymnastic drill and per-forming the motions as well to-day as they did at the time when our American General Stone was their commander, and when General Grant reviewed them and said that they seemed to be good soldiers for every-thing except fighting.

A GORGEOUS PALACE.

At the end of this great square, in the form of a horseshoe, is the Abden palace. It is a vast building of two stories, of brown stucco, with many windows and a grand entrance way in the center. At the door of the palace stood two pompous soldiers with great swords in their hands. They were ciad in a Turkish costume with embroidered jackets of blue and gold and with full zouave trousers of blue broadcloth. Upon their heads were turbans, and the faces that showed out under these were such that they made me think of the troops that conquered this oriental world in the days of the prophet Mohammet. Passing up the massive steps, the palace door was opened by an Arab clad in European clothes and wearing the red fez cap, which the Egyptian never takes off in house or out. We entered a grand entrance hall, floored with marble mosaic, the walls of which were finished in cream and gold. In front of us a staircase so wide that two wagon loads of hay could be drawn up it without touching, lead by easy flights to the second floor, and at the right and the left were the reception rooms for visitors and halls leading to the apartments reserved for the chamberlains, masters of ceremonies and other officers of the King's household. We chatted a moment with one or two of the Khedive's Cabinet Ministers, who were just passing out after a council with His Highness, and then moved on up the stairs. In one of the drawing rooms on the second floor we were met by another Egyptian of-ficial in black clothes and red fez cap and by him were conducted to a reception room, the door of which stood open and were mo-

BOYALTY PLAINLY ARRAYED.

In the center of this room, which was not larger than a good sized American parlor, all alone stood a man of about 36 years of age. He was dressed in a black broadcloth coat which buttoned close up at the neck like that of a preacher. Lavender panta-loons show out below this fitting well down over a pair of gaiter-like pumps and on the top of his rather handsome head was a fez cap of dark red with a black silk tassel extending from the center of the crown and falling down behind. The costume of this man, barring the fez, might have been that of an American, and his Circassian creamcolored complexion was such that he would have passed unnoticed in a crowd in New This man was the Khedive of Egypt. He is, I judge, about 5 feet 6 inches in height and he does not weigh more than 150 pounds. He is rather fleshy than thin. His frame being well rounded, his head large, and his features clean cut. He has a nose slightly inclined to the Roman, has a nose alightly inclined to the Roman. His forehead is high and the dark brown eyes which shine out from under it change from the grave to the smiling during his conversation. He is plain and dress. He shook Colonel Cardwell's hand condially as he entered, and upon the Consul General presenting me as an American control on the extended his hand to me and told me he was glad to see me, and was glad to have Americans come to Cairo. He then walked across the room to a divan and meritoned me to a seat at his left as he sat down, putting one of his legs up under him and hanging the other foot on the floor. There was an absence of pomp or snobbishness, and though dignified he had not half the airs of the average backwoods members of our House of Representatives at Washington. As he seated himself his black cost our House of Representatives at Washington. As he seated himself his black cost our House of Representatives at Washington. As he seated himself his black cost our House of Representatives at Washington. As he seated himself his black cost our House of Representatives at Washington. As he seated himself his black cost of the foot of the floor. There was an absence of pomp or snobbishness, and though dignified he had not half the airs of the average backwoods members of our House of Representatives at Washington. As he seated himself his black cost of the foot of the floor of the floor. There was an absence of pomp or snobbishness, and though the size of the foot of the floor of the floor of the floor of the floor. There was an absence of pomp or snobbishness, and the size of the average backwoods members of our House of Representatives at Washington. As he seated himself his black cost of the smallest of peans and a watch chain of the graph of the smallest of peans and a watch chain of the smallest of peans and a watch chain of the smallest of peans and a watch chain of the smallest of peans and a watch chain of the smallest of peans and a watch chain of the smallest of peans and a watch chain of the small His forehead is high and the dark brown

tie bow in his white turnover collar, such as you buy on lower Broadway for 25 cents, and his cuffs, though scrupulously clean, had not the polish of the American Chinese laundry.

THE KHEDIVE'S REFORMS.

The Khedive of Egypt is a good French scholar and he has learned to speak English within the past few years. Our talk was carried on in English and His Highness chatted freely, now and then breaking out in a chuckling laugh as something amusing entered into the talk, and again growing sober and impressive as he discussed the more sober problems of his reign. In speaking of his life as Khedive, he said:

"I am told that mary people envy me my position. They say that I am a young man and that my lot must be a pleasant one. They do not understand the troubles that surround me. Many a time I would have been glad to have laid down all of the honors I have for rest and peace. My 10 years of work and of worry. If life were a matter of pleasure I would be a tool to remain on the throne. I believe, however, that God put man on the world for a purpose other than this. Duty, not pleasure, is the chief end of man. I do the begt I can for my country and my people, and I feel the happiest when I do the most work and when my work is the hardest."

The talk then turned upon the condition



The Khedive of Egypt.

of the rich Greeks, past the palaces of Egyp-tian princes, from which the sweet smell of

The Follows the Roran.

Coffee and cigarettes were at this point brought in by the servants of the palace. The coffee was a la Turque. It was served in little china cups in holders of gold filligree, shaped like an egg cup and each cup held about three tablespoonfuls of rich, black coffee as thick as chocolate and as sweet as molasses. There were no saucers nor spoons and I tried in my drinking to follow the Khedive. I took the holder in my first and gulped down half the contents of the cup at a swallow. It was as hot as of the cup at a swallow. It was as hot as liquid fire. I could feel the top of my mouth rising in a blister, the tears came into my eyes and my stomach felt as though it had taken an internal Turkish bath. It was lucky that at this moment, the Khedive had just addressed a remark to Consul General Cardwell, who sat on the other side of him, and he did not notice my emotion. He took the boiling mixture without winking and went on talking as though his throat was used to liquid fire. I was surprised to see him refuse the eigarette and I asked him it he did not smoke. He replied asked him if he did not smoke. He replied



"No! I neither smoke nor drink. I do not drink on two grounds. I believe man is better off without it, and what is of more moment to me, it is against the laws of life as laid down in the Koran. We do not be as laid down in the Koran. We do not believe it right to drink anything intoxicating,
and good Mussulmans drink neither wine
nor liquor. I believe that every man should
be faithful to the religion which he professes. My faith is that of Islam, and I try
to follow it as well as I can. I am not illiberal in it, however, and I tolerate all religions and all sects in my kingdom. We
have Copts, Jews and Christians, and your
missionaries are at work in the land. They
make very few conversions, if any, among
the people of my faith, but they have schools
in upper Egypt that are doing much in the
way of education. You ask me as to my attendance upon the Mosque. Yes, I goregularly, and it was a surprise to the people of
the court when I attended the Mosque immediately after my accession."

mediately after my accession.

Khedive expressed himself strongly in favor of monogamy: "I saw," said he, "in my father's harem, the disadvantages of a plurality of wives and of having children by different wives, and I decided before I came to manhood that I would marry but one woman and would be true to her. I have done so and I have had no reason to regret it."

regret it."

These words of the Khedive are verified by his wife. From what I can learn his family life is a happy one. He is much in love with his wife, and the Khedivieh is said to be one of the brightest women of Egypt. A lady friend of hers, who visits often at the royal harem, tells me that this Queen of Egypt is both beautiful and accomplished.

LIFE OF THE KHEDIVIER. She gives receptions to ladies at her palace every Saturday. She speaks French very well, and she uses this language in her intercourse with foreignhers. She is as sensible in her ways as her husband, and a few days ago at one of her little receptions at her country seat near Cairo one of the visitors expre sed a desire to see the ostrich farm, which is near there. The Queen then proposed that the whole party go over and visit it, and this they did, walking through the fields and along the road the whole distance. I cite this merely as an instance of

the fields and along the road the whole distance. I cite this merely as an instance of the unostentation which she usually shows. It must not be supposed, however, that she does not live like a Queen. She has her harem or women servants by scores. She is accompanied whenever she goes out to ride or drive by some of her numerous cunuchs, and she keeps up s big establishment separate from that of the King. When she sits down to dinner or breakfast it is not with the King, but with her own ladies. The King eats with his officers, according to Mohammedan etiquette, and his apartments or the salumlik are separate from hers. Both she and her husband have done much to break down the rigidity of Mohammedan social customs. Their love for each other and the example of the Khediye in having but one wife, Consul General Cardwell tells me, is catching, and many of the other noble Arab gentlemen are following it. The Khediye takes his wife with him wherever he goes. She does not usually wherever he goes. She does not usually travel on the same train nor, if so, in the same car. She has stuck to the Khedive through the stormiest times of the reign, and during the last war she refused to go on the English genboats when invited to do so for safety. She is close in the councils of her husband, I am told, and it is said that he has great confidence in her judgment. Both the Khedive and the Khedivich are

wrapped up in their children, and I am told that they intend to allow one of their sons that they intend to allow one of their sons to take a trip to America at no very distant day. They have two boys and two girls. The boys are Abbas, who will be 15 years old in July, and Mehemet Ali, who is two years younger. These boys are now at school in Berlin. They speak French, English, German and Arabic, and they are, I am told, very bright. The girls are rather pretty cream-complexioned young maidens of 8 and 10, who are as much like American girls as they can be, considering their surroundings. They wear European clothes, and may be seen along the seashore at Alexandria, walking together and swinging their andria, walking together and swinging their hats in their hands like our little girls at Long Branch or Asbury Park. They have European governesses and talk French quite well. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A PANTHER STORY.

n Old Resident of Reynoldsville Tells of Punxantawney Man's Struggle. Punxsutawney Spirit.

"Did you ever hear of John Potter's battle with the pauther?" asked an old citizen of Reynoldsville of a reporter. We never had.

"Well, John Potter came to this country along about 1834, and settled on the banks as the Gray farm. John was a large, sinewy man, with any amount of courage. One day in the early spring, while the ground was still white with snow, John and his wife, and dog started to walk to Punxsutawney.

They had traveled only about two will. They had traveled only about two miles when a pile of snow beside the road atwhen a pile of snow beside the road attracted John's attention. Going up to it and kicking it a little he discovered a dead deer buried beneath it, and just then a large panther, which had no doubt killed the deer and covered it with snow, sprang from behind a log and ran up an adjacent tree. John told Nancy, his wife, to hasten back and get the gun, while he and the dog stood guard under the tree. She did so, but scarcely had she gotten out of sight when the panther began to exhibit strong stood guard under the tree. She did so, but scarcely had she gotten out of sight when the panther began to exhibit strong symptoms of restlessness. It eyed the dog and snarled savagely. Potter had no weapon but a jackknife, and he had some anxiety to see that panther remain where it was until Nancy returned with the gun. But the panther did not like his quarters, and, with a tremendous spring, bounded from the tree and immediately attacked the dog, which, with true canine courage, gave the beast the very best he had in the house; and, being a large and active mastiff, he made it so warm for the animal that it retreated back up the tree. But the dog had the worst of the battle. He was torn and bleeding, but still stood his ground with magnificent the meantime Potter had out a hickory it is a strong the first of the section of their rooms to get into the section of their rooms to get into the section of their rooms to get into the section of their rooms to be cassionally and unbend. They do not supple up even to eat, but sit rigidly and glare at the viands as they are set before them. I heard a man, who looked as though he might be from the central part of Indiana, and who seemed bent upon doing the right thing regardless of expense, order a bottle of wine at dinner yesterday. "Best ye got, now, best ye got," he called to the waiter. When he was informed that no wine could be served, he said: "No wine? Well, I any sort o' wine I prefer up to any the same list with Newport."

This queen of summer cities is certainly a golden enigma. Who are the iaries and the visuads as they are set before them. I heard a man, who looked as though he might be from the central part of Indiana, and who seemed bent upon doing the right thing regardless of expense, order a bottle of wine at dinner yesterday. "Best ye got, now, best ye got," he called to the waiter. When he was informed that no wine could be served, he said: "No wine? Well, I any sort o' wine I prefer up to any the same list with Newport."

This queen of summer cities the meantime Potter had cut a hickory club with his jackknife and was prepared to defend the dog. He had not long to wait. Again the huge beast sprang from the tree and began a life and death struggle with the dog, who was greatly inferior to it both in

strength and activity.

But while the fierce fight between the panther and the dog was progressing, Potter rushed in with his club and belabored the animal over the head with all his might, animal over the head with all his might, and soon succeeded in crushing its skull, when it keeled over and yielded up the ghost. Then John sat him down upon its lifeless carcass and waited for Naney. The dog was thought to be finished. He was unable to walk, and the noble brute was left to die in silence on the field of battle, but to the surprise of his friends he came home two weeks afterward a thoroughly home two weeks afterward a thoroughly emanciated but convalescent dog. The panther measured nine feet from the nose to the tip of the tail."

An Overcrowded Prefession Munsey's Weekly. Fannie-Father, Mr. Bond proposed me last night. Father-What is his business?

Fannie-He's a broker.



CHARMING NEWPORT. Luxurious and Elegant Watering

Place for Millionaires. BELLES REVELING IN THE SURF.

Society Girl's Vivid Description of Polo as it is Played.

THE HOOSIER'S OBJECTION TO NEWPORT



lights, habits and passions very generally screened by beautiful hedge-rows and impenetrable foliage. Excitements there surely are beneath that placid front, but the eyes of the multitude are forbidden to



Two Swell Huntsmen.

view them, and so the casual caller at Newport often votes the place exceedingly dull. Well, there is more than one way to kill a cat, and there are several ways of seeing Newport precisely as it is. If you are "one of us," you go there and share in the joys and betray no secrets. If you are a sportsman you can put on your leggings and tweed cost, and knock over all the partridges you can carry, in someone's well-stocked woods. If you are a bather, you can get good cold surf and lovely companions to swim with. If you don't go in for water-well, they tell me there is nothing else to drink here, but if you will follow me down this quiet hallway, I will introduce you to a gentleman in a white jacket who will prove to you that there are more things e Island than is

OPPRESSIVE EXCLUSIVENESS. There is an atmosphere of wealth in the place which distresses provincial lungs. In the hotels you find families of uncertain the hotels you find families of uncertain people who are here to see things, and are plainly wondering if they are being mistaken for legitimate members of the refulgent society. They are so careful of behaving correctly that it must be bliss for them to get into the seclusion of their rooms occasionally and unbend. They do not supple years to set but sit rigidly and class.

what do they do to pass the time away? It is difficult to understand that they are only men and women, full of the frailties, disturbances, and emotions that are found in uncouther districts. When you catch a



glimpse of a divine girl straying afar off through an archway of trees it seems as though she must surely be free from guile

A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT existing in a fairer world than ours. And yet when you come to talk with her she is only a girl; and let me whisper to you—often as frivolous as anything you can imagine. Oh, yes! These angelic creatures—perfect enough if left unadorned, yet with their loveliness accentuated so by sublime draperies as to impress you with the belief that not enough worldliness is left to make them approachable—they are flesh and blood women, with all the feminine witcheries made doubly dangerous by this outward display of finery.

We shall never find the man who can withstand the innumerable charms of the

air, and the latter as humming birds draw honey from morning glories. Again you will find her tiptoeing down from her bath-house to the sea, clad in clinging fiannel, her graceful limbs swathed in bright silk stockings and the gentle curves of her fig-ure ungirt and eloquent.

NEWPORT BATHING. She is a dainty and fascinating bather. Instead of splashing fiercely in, as her cousin over at Narragansett does, she is in the habit of taking about 15 minutes in getting out as deep as her knees, and when the swells float up to her, she stands with fluttering arms and heaving breast, just like a little bird. Atter a long time of doubt, she makes a decision. She watches for a small, peaceful wave, and when she finds a very gentle one she turns half round and waits



Frolicsome Little Millionaires.

for it. Then she gives a tiny scream and for it. Then she gives a tiny scream and trots out of the water, when she is met by her maid, who envelopes her in a long robe, and the two go up over the beach shattering in French together. In contrast with this prim sort of propriety in the surf, it would be almost a joy to see the boldness of Coney Island or Bar Harbor bathing. At all events, it is agreeable to find that the children are free and frolicsome in the surf, and that the young offspring of millionaires are left to the care of a common, everyday old bathmaster for safety, while everyday old bathmaster for safety, while no restraint is placed on their shore gam-

bols.

Twice a week you will see the grown-up Newport enchantress reclining in regal state among the cushions of her carriage, lazily gazing from beneath her long lashes at the ovclonic game of polo, and listening to the conversation of her highly-groomed men friends who go lounging about from one carriage to another, leaning languidly against a wheel, and paying the same compliments to each girl in turn. Don't imagine but what many of these superior young women are entirely sensible, and that they are as ready to ridicule their own customs as outsiders are. oms as outsiders are.

A DESCRIPTION OF POLO. Out at the polo game last Saturday I heard the handsomest of them all—a supreme blonde with dreamy brown eyes, and with a voice that was in itself a caress—assure a friend, who stood by her carriage, that, if it were not for the clever ponies, her gold-plated brothers would get themselves killed occasionally.

"Well, I don't exactly understand polo," said her friend, who looked like a navy or

"Well, I don't exactly understand polo," said her friend, who looked like a navy or army officer on leave. "What is it made up of, Miss B—?"

"A scamper and a tangle," was the reply. "There's a rush and a whizz, and then the men all begin to shout at one another. 'Ca wnfaound it Stanley, if you will persist



An Unpleasant Incident.

in riding right ovaw me, you'll break my neek, don't ye know." And again: 'I say, Raymond, old man, if you will kindly take your pony's fore feet off my neek, I'll be duced obliged to you. I will, bay jawve.' Then Tommy Hitchcock canters up and says: 'Only tew minuter and a hawf moah, fellows!' That is polo." A SEASIDE INCIDENT.

A SEASIDE INCIDENT.

There are proportionately more fellows to girls at Newport than at most watering places, because wealthy idlers are plentier here. It is the heavy father with business in New York to care for, who comes here to sandwich a Sunday between slices of Saturday and Menday, while beaux are here all through the week. Sometimes the old chap is the husband, instead of the father, of a young belle; and in that case, believe me, she is an interesting creature in his absence.

sence.

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Smith,"
weetly said such a wife who had been flirting as a maiden. "This is Mr. Brown."
"Glad to know you," responded the gouty
old Smith, lifting his hat from his nearly
hairless head, and gazing on the stalwart,
handsome Brown.

hardsome Brown.

"The pleasure is mutual," said Brown.

"Your most agreeable daughter has—"

And then the change from benignity to color in Smith's face stopped all vivacity, even in the young woman who had thought it fun to change, for mildly flirtations purposes from mattern to maiden.

it fun to change, for mildly flirtations purposes, from matron to maiden.

To drive along the Cliff road on a sparkling afternoon is a delight that cannot be
found in many parts of this world. Added
to the natural adornments of the neighborhood and the salt freshness of the splendid
sea beneath you, are such palaces as only
princes are supposed to live in, a pageant
of equipages, and a fleeting vision of faces
with their beauty heightened by every possible device of environment.

MAGNIFICENT BUT SLOW.

The houses of the Vanderbilts alone are marvels of magnificence sufficient to make Newport extraordinary. There is no other section of the country where pastoral life is bedecked with the grandeur of masonry and horticulture as it is here. The stone mansions of perfect architectural taste, the weeping roadways edged with flawless



A DEAD MAN'S VENGEANGE

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHAPTER I.

S boys Gerald Ravelow and Louis Bond used to play together. They would perhaps never have sought one another's company had not circumstance caused them to spend many boyish summers on their parents' neighboring estates, not far from the picturesque shores of New Rochelle; for Gerald was a robust, merry, pinkwith his sallow face and great mystic black eyes, differed from him as an ivy leaf differs from a dandelion. Having once met

and become friends, however, a genuine fondness grew and throve between their two widely opposite natures. widow, who adored her only child, and lived in a perpetual state of weak-chested and neuralgic regret that his late father had not left him a millionaire. But Gerald's cheerful mind could see nothing really calamitous in the snug little fortune that had survived his father's commercial collapse. They spent four or five months in New York each year, and their Westchester home was pleasant if not palatial.
"After all," said Gerald one day, "I be

gin to think, mamma, that money can't al-ways buy us happiness." He looked so jocundly ignorant of his own platitude that his mother forgot how threadbare a one it was. "There are the Bonds," he went on. "Louis is a nice little chap when you know him, but then he gets fits of the blues, as he

him, but then he gets fits of the blues, as he calls 'em, and he don't begin to have half as good a time of it as I do. And just look at their great big house and their stables, and their servants, and everything like that? And then Louis' father? I always think of a crow when I see Mr. Bond, he's so awfully dark and glum."

"He never recovered from his wife's loss," said Mrs. Ravelow, a little reprovingly. "I never saw her; they bought Shadyshore after her death. But I've heard that little Brenda looks a great deal like her dead mother, and if that is the case Mrs. Bond must have been very beautiful."

"Do you think Brenda Bond's pretty?" asked Gerald. The idea of her being so had never occurred to him before.

"She's like a little angel!" declared his mother. "Such hair as hers will always stay golden; it isn't the kind that changes to nut brown, as that of so many children does. And then her pure little wild-rose of a face! Oh, Gerald, I should think you'd be ever so fond of her already!"

That "already" noned Gerald by its am.

face! Oh, Gerald, I should think you'd be ever so fond of her already!"

That "already!" piqued Gerald by its ambiguity. He did not know exactly whether it referred to his own youth or that of Brenda, who was two good years younger than himself. But pride kept him from inquirles as to his mother's actual meaning, while at the same time he reflected that he was privately very iond, indeed, of little Brenda, and that in more than one gallant way he had centrived to tell her so. way he had contrived to tell her so.

The thought of her son marrying Brenda
Bond at some future day filled Mrs. Rave-

Che thought of her son marrying Brenda Bond at some future day filled Mrs. Ravelow with ambitious thrills. The Bond fortune was well known to be six millions if a dime, and though Louis would perhaps receive the great bulk of the property on his father's death, still, his sister's share would doubtless prove a handsome one. But Mrs. Ravelow was of too hypochondriac a turn to allow hope the least altitude of flight. Her semi-invalid eyes forever gazed on the dark side of things, and she saw slight prospect of a mere boy-and-girl preference ever resulting seriously in atter life.

At 16 Gerald went to Harvard, while Louis, owing to the enfeebled health of his melancholy father, remained at home under the care of tutors. During Gerald's vacations he saw a great deal of both Louis and his sister. This had proved one of the few childish friendships not fated to be shattered or dispelled by time. Gerald took no high stand in his class, and Louis, studying and reading amid comparative solitude, would sometimes assail him with gentle ironies.

ironies.
"I dare say you'd beat us all out of our

ironies.

"I dare say you'd beat us all out of our boots if you were at Cambridge," laughed Gerald one day in his junior year.

"Oh, how I do wish he had gone!" said Brenda, who chanced to be present, and who had now become a damsel with hair like threaded sunshine, figure of arrowy straightness and cheeks to rival rose petals.

Her brother looked at her with a little saltied them, he so dark and grave beside his blonde, buoyant sister. "Why do you say that, Brenda?" he queried. "Do you mean that you could spare me so easily if I were off in Massachusetts with Gerald?"

"Ah, no, indeed!" cried Brenda. "But I think you grow gloomy, Louis, from living in such complete seclusion."

"I'm gloomy by nature," said Louis, with one of his sad little smiles.

"Heaven only knows why you should be!" exclaimed Gerald, with a glance at the richly-appointed room wherein they sat. "You've everything to make you jolly as a cricket," he went on, and now there came a mellowness into his hazel eyes as he fixed them on Brenda's face and softly added: "Including the loveliest sister on the face of the earth."

Brenda blushed, and gave her golden head a little mutinous toss. She had reached the soul. Do you?"

"I'm gloomy by nature," said Louis, with one of his sad little smiles.

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"Including the loveliest sister on the face of the earth."

Brenda blushed, and gave her golden head a little mutinous toss. She had reached the feminine age that often resents broad compliments as tiresome, and a triffe vulgar besides. But if Gerald could have seen, by some clairvoyant wizardry, how her heart was fluttering at the thought of such high praise from his lips, he might perhaps have falled to regret the rather intimate boldness of what he had just said. Sometimes he told himself that he rebelled ungraciously against Brenda's assumption of the grown-up young lady; and again he would feel indignant flushes that she should find it in her heart to alter their old careless relations by a distance and ceremony which depressed and chilled.

"Confound it," he once said to Louis."

oy a distance and ceremony which depressed and chilled.

"Confound it," he once said to Louis,
"Brenda acts as if we'd never sat in the same swing together and made voyages with our heels up among the birds' nests, not to speak of letting the old cat die with our arms quite unnecessarily about one another's

waists."
Louis smiled. "Oh, don't be annoyed at Brenda's airs." he returned. "I dare say all young girls put them on in abundance. Besides, if she now and then seems distrait, Gerald, it's no doubt because she's worried at the way our poor father goes on failing worse and worse from week to week."

The Bonds were now back in their charming country place, and a short time after Louis smiled. "Oh, don't be annoyed at Brenda's aira," he returned. "I dare say all young girls put them on in abundance. Besides, if she now and then seems distrait. Gerald, it's no doubt because she's worried at the way our poor father goes on failing worse and worse from week to week."

The Bonds were now back in their charming country place, and a short time after they had quitted the town to come thither, Crawford Bond rapidly sank and died. The funeral was held in a quite country church not far from Shadyshore, though many prominent New Yorkers came up by train to attend it. Afterward the body was interred in a family vault on the Bond estate—a massive granite mauseloum which the most part of us being buried in each of those vaults in themselves are worth' small fortunes, the umbrageous woods, the lakes, all these things as far as your vision will take you, make of Newport a very wonderland, something to be seen by all who can secure the opportant of the compact to which I allude has been one whose most tunity.

Louis smiled. "Oh, don't be annoyed at Brenda's air," I dare say." If dare say." "I'd like to know—if I could," mur mured Louis, in a low, stubborn voice.

"I'd like to know—if I could," mured Louis, in a low, stubborn voice.

"If you could! So would everybody—if he could."

Louis semed to take no heed of this rather sarcastic response. "In a certain for the same of the body was interred in a family vault on the Bond estate—a massive granite mauseleum which the resistant of us being buried in each of those vaults must be excessively strong."

The teneral man fortunes, the late proprietor had caused to be built soon after purchasing Shadyshore, and to which we shall probably never part with in the massive granite mauseleum which the safadily vault. The chances of one so is a family vault on the Bond estate—a massive granite mauseleum which the interred in a family vault on the Bond estate—a massive granite mauseleum which the interred in a family vault on the Bond estate—a massive granite mauseleum

himself with these immediate tasks which the administration of his father's affairs demanded. Gerald assisted his flagging energies as much as proved possible, and finally induced him to take a short summer trip among the Northern lakes. Brends was deeply gratified by this plan, and gave Gerald certain thankful words and looks because of it, that divinely repaid him for all annoyances at her past hauteur.

For a time the spirits of Louis underwent a change. The weather in Montreal, on the St. Lawrence and on Lake Superior chanced to be delicious, and there were hours it not actual days when his companion felt hopeful that the somber cloud had permanently lifted from his soul. Then the old indifference and drearness would take hold of him once more, and at last, by the time of their return to Shadyshore, it



ame evident that he was really no better than he had been when they started.
"I am haunted with an idea," he suddenly announced to Gerald one evening, as the two friends were seated together in a mo-

prise.

"Will I agree?" rang his words. "Why,
Lou, it's aitogether too crasy a kind of
scheme! Just imagine my going alone at
midnight into the vault where you're lying

midnight into the vault where you're lying dead!"

"I somehow haven't been imagining that," returned Louis, with a quaint little motion of the head. "I've the fancy, Gerald, that I shall survive you—and perhaps by a number of years. You see, I'm not specially strong of constitution, yet I live a quiet life and put no tax upon my forces of endurance. You, however, who are as strong as an ox, pay very little heed to your physical powers. You're like the man who draws thoughtlessly on a large bank account and who may wake some morning to find his check politely returned by the paying teller. I, on the other hand, am like a man with a small deposit, yet who treats it in a most economic spirit, and hence makes no mistake about the surplus that he might rely upon in case of any sudden embarrassment."

Gerald gave one of his loud, joyous laughs, and got up from his chair, going to a window and staring out of it with both hands thrust into his pockets.

"I see, Lou," he said, "you calculate confidently on my dying before you do."

"Oh, not confidently. But—"

"Yes, I understand. Well, this compact could be carried out by the survivor, of course and in absolute solitude, as you say.

"Yes, I understand. Well, this compact could be carried out by the survivor, of course, and in absolute solitude, as you say. You could receive from me a key to our vault, I from you a key to yours. Say that I died before you did. On the first night following my death you could steal to the vault, unlock it and wait inside with a lighted candle for the space of three hours, after having removed the lid of my-coffin so as to make my face and part of my form clearly visible. Then you could endeavor by every possible effort of will, to receive some sign from me that I was aware of your vigit. All this, as you propose it, my boy, might be perfectly practicable—that is, provided I were not lost at sea, buried abroad, hanged for murder and afterward claimed by the physicians, or—"
"Oh, now you're laughing at me," struck in Louis, with a hurt intonation.

"No, I'm not," protested Gerald. "I merely want to remind you that although such extravaganzas as these can be played in real life, discovery subjects those concerned in them to a good deal of severe ridicule."

But he seen saw that any attempt at argu-

But he soon saw that any attempt at argu-But he soon saw that any attempt at arguing Louis out of his "fad" would be wholly futile. As far as feeling terror or dread of carrying out such a ghastly compact, Gerald could regard the prospect of doing so with entire calmness. Indeed, as an act that would supposably involve nerve and pluck, its possible undertaking rather amnsed him than otherwise. Still, he would perhaps have discountenanced the entire project as both trivolous and sensational but for a thought that now came to him, born of his thought that now came to him, born of his



VENGEANCE AT LAST.

mastic, high-wainscoted, book-lined room, which was the perfection of a library. "It never leaves me. I have not told it to you or to anyone. And yet, you are, of all people, the one whom it would seem most close-

"You've never told me, once and for all, whether or not you believe in the immortality of the soul. Do you?"

Gerald looked puzzled for an instant. "You know it isn't much in my line, Lou, to think at all on those questions," he at length said. "I'm sure," he went on, "it's my most earnest hope that we're immortal after death. As for my belief, however—"
"You've like me there," broke in Louis.

"You're like me there," broke in Louis, turning his black eyes upon Gerald with sudden intentness. "I don't believe; I only hope. But I'd like to believe; I'd like it above all other things."
"Is that the haunting idea you spoke of?" asked Gerald. asked Geraid.

"Oh, I suppose that's what makes me so forlornly blue."

"At last you admit there is something, Louis. Well, all the more reason for you to make a stout effort and crush down the decilial principle."

devilish nuisance. It hasn't any real exist-ence, anyhow; it's born only of an unhealthy fancy. Good heavens! we've all got to die, and none of us—no, not one—really knows what life, if like at all, waits beyond the

might be dissipated?

It was a matter of mortification to him, several hours later, when he reflected upon what he had done. The terms of the compact into which he had now entered with Louis pledged him to absolute secrecy, otherwise he might have informed his mother of the strangely acquiescent part that he had played. To obtain a duplicate key of the family vault was a more difficult task for him than for Louis, since in one case the master of Shadyshore needed but to employ a locksmith and in the other it was



Louis and Gerald in the Library. necessary for Gerald to hunt through closets and odd corners, and always with a sense of ultimate failure. But suddenly one mora-ing he found the object of his search, and to make the desired exchange with Louis was

thenceforth easy enough.

There were now but a few days left Gerald before his return to college, and during this time he failed to notice much change in his time he failed to notice much change in his friend. Perhaps, however, the attention which he paid Louis was in a manner molested and thwarted by semi-farewell meetings and talks with Brenda. Gerald found himself perpetually quarrelling with the girl he had now grown to adore. It sometimes seemed to him that Brenda, in the imperious arrogance of her maidenly beauty, would like him to get down on his knees and kiss her slender little foot. He told her something of the sort one day, and she answered him with an insolent quiver of her long, golden eyelashes, that on the contrary she would be afraid to forbid his even doing anything so silly for tear that obstinacy might make him stupidly disobey.

CHAPTER II. During Gerald's next term at Harvard he